

In a rush to outrun the blizzard.
Quickly we tie the canoe to the car top
A snow smell blows into camp.
After a blueberry and grayling breakfast
In homage to this midnight sun.
New coins or maybe moons fallen from Jupiter
At the next rise, Tangie Lakes shine like
A young porcupine huddles under a willow.
Like white smoke over the tundra.
One, two snowy owls ride the air
We turn off the engine to watch
Traveling the road rough as miners' hands,

Tangie Lakes, Denali Highway

A new loge on an old oxbow.
Above the beavers that built
Now collapsed into earth on a drift
Planted long ago at a trapper's cabin
Up the Goodpaster delphiniums bloom,
By the Kentuck family bearing its name.
Of the Goodpaster, the river never seen
Hauls its glacial load past the mouth
Heavy with slit the color of goose eggs—
Tanaa River—a rumble of driftlogs, oxbows—
Goodpaster River, Delta Junction

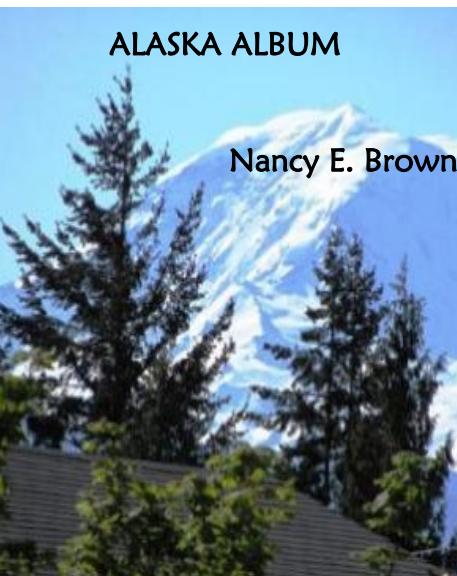
Lingers behind the Bendleben.
A char-pink sky, late light
Beyond black spruce silhouettes against
Pop! As temperatures drop like the sun's arc
Martin laughs, there are abandoned oil drums.
Bang! Pop! Bang! We duck and stare.
Onto the sandbar for coffee at our fire.
At midnight Martin Olson glides his Super Cup
Until we bank our boat at Aggie Creek.
We read the shallow rivers—
Norwegian men—eyes glacial blue,

Tenakee Springs, Chichagof Island

Rocks tumble in the crimson tide.
Of orcas stampede seals to shore.
Orcas eagles totems, in the strait a pod
Nearby in wilderness coves stand ravens,
Then wintered at these hot springs.
Sluiced and dredged Nome's gold
Shoulders built to ship strength—
Blond hair burned white by sun,
Until we bank our boat at Aggie Creek.

At the Goodpaster, the river never seen
Hauls its glacial load past the mouth
Heavy with slit the color of goose eggs—
Tanaa River—a rumble of driftlogs, oxbows—
Goodpaster River, Delta Junction

Aggie Creek, Seward Peninsula



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email us at:
origamipoems@gmail.com

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ALASKA ALBUM
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Dedicated to the memory of Milli Ekak
who served me whale meat and muktuk
and taught me to play 'Hearts,'
to the memory of my son Jason B. Brown
who took his first steps
on St. Lawrence Island,
and especially to my husband Ken Brown
and daughter Roda L. Motta
who share many of the memories
and stories in these poems
about our former home.

Gambell, St. Lawrence Island

Duffles drop on the floor before
Milli, my children, and I hustle
To where spring ice clings to the shore.
A whale's blood path
Marks the way to flensing—
One foot in the oomiak
The other on the whale's back.
Alarm: a small boy toddles off the ice.
Splash! Snap, a gaff grabs his parky.
That night, dancing at the school,
Aieee! Tong! Tong! Walrus-hide drums.
Later, hands join hands, join hands
To reach home through forty-mile winds
Blowing snow from Siberia.